The Interior Just a little baby lying in my arms, Would that I could keep you with your baby

Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair Where the sunshine lingers, caught from oth-

erwhere: Blue eyes asking questions, lips that canno speak.

Roly poly shoulders, dimple in your check; Dainty little blossom in a world of wee; Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you s Roguish little damset, scarcely six years old-Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;

Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play, Tongue that never ceases talking all the day Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about, Have come to tell you them-what an cage

Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know Thus I long to see you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with you strap of books And such grave importance in your puzzled Solving weary problems, pouring over sums,

Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar Reading books of romance in your bed a

night. Waking up to study in the morning light;

Anxious as to ribbons-deft to tie a bow, Full of contradictions-I would keep her so. Sweet and thoughtful malden sitting by my

All the world's before you-and the world i Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there

stuc.

to break-Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to

wake! Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek Telling us in blushes what you will not speak! Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego All the golden future just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;

Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white, And the close-shut eye-lids veil the eyes from sight. All the past I summon as I kiss her brow

Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with

Oh, my heart is breaking! but God's love I Safe among the angels, he will keep her so.

HOW I LOST A RACE.

BY REV. FRED. BELL. Athletic sports are of very ancient origin. They were Greeian by birth, coming from that hardy and polished nation, and were introduced into Rome | that meant it. by M. Tulirus at the close of the Ætolian war, 186 B. C.

They speedily became highly popular; and under the emperors their contests were admired by the nation to a degree bordering upon passion. They formed a distinct corporation by themselves; they are not to be confounded with the gladiatorial sports which were often excessively cruel and inhuman.

It was a harmless and honorable pastime in which many of high birth and culture were engaged. Those engaging in them were called athletes, from Greek athleo, to contend, and it held the rank of an art. Even men of genius contended for the palm, not as profession, but for the sake of exercise, just as at the present day we have gentlemen cricketers, amateur oarsmen. etc.

The profound and eloquent Plato appeared among the wrestlers in the Isthmain games at Corinth, and also in the

have gained a prize at En's, and instructed and trained others who did the same.

pian victor, that his native city was regarded as ennebled by his success, and e himself considered sacred.

When he returned from the contests he entered the city through a special breach made in the walls, and with great civic honors, and was henceforth considered a public benefactor, sustained in magnificence while living, and buried with great public honors

when dead.

So we see that physical vigor and physical feats have been in good company from the first, and have been patronized by the noble and wise and virtuous. In England they are made more of than in this country. Some of the best gymnasts, cricketers, runners newsboy?" said a gentleman to the and oarsman the world can afford have man of news. "He is worth \$50,000." been men of English birth. They in-herit the Britons' vigor, and the Saxons' temper; they inhabit a land peculiarly fitted for the encouragement of such sports. While many of the upper classes have the leisure for it, the poorer classes find their training for it in their daily occupation. So they, as a people, are peculiarly situated for faorable attention to robust, manly, vigorous pastimes; and, though Americans have not given as much attention to these manly sports, and as they could not, as no young nation can, she is turning her attention to them more fully now than ever. Americans had a wild country to conquer; they had to wrestle with the Indians, the bear, the panther and the wolf, and they have they have with the rifle at Dollymount

Being born an Englis' man, I inher ited, together with a robust constitu tion and a wiry frame, a passion for "athletic sports," and I haven't contracted ministerial stiffness of back and joints, or elerical starch enough to prevent my loving them still; and I have won many prizes in running. jumping and cricketing.

and Creedmoor.

I desire to relate how I once lost race. It has taught me a lesson that I shall never forget—one that is full of interest and instruction; and, as the reader may be affected in the same manner, I will narrate the circum-

When the time came for a start, about thirty competitors toed the mark, and fine, crean-limbed, active looking tellows they were, too.

A pistol shot was to be the signal to start. Crack! went the pistol, and off went thirty men like as many arrows heried from bows. We started abreast, but didn't keep so long. In the first hundred yards several came to grief, some, tripping over the hurdles, sprawled, out of wind and time, and went limping and chopfallen back, others jumped well, but didn't come down so well, or, perhaps, they imagined they came down into a well. At any rate they came down too soon, and do on week days.'

and came blowing and dripping to the shore taking an involuntary bath in-

stead of the prize.

Sometimes he gives a man \$8 a week
When an 150 yards had been run
over to my surprise I found myself
first, and I began to hope that I might
win the race; straining every muscle I

The chair is his 'r.

Sometimes he gives a man \$8 a week
to black boots for him, and sometimes
he goes 'em 'halvers.''
"Here, shine, em up," said a customer, as he stepped into the shair, and

urged on in the course, but being out of condition for easy running it began to tell on me fearfully, for I was going at a tremendous pace, and I became very anxious to know if I should be able to hold out to reach the goal, and if it was not prudent for me to slacken and spare myself a little for the last burst that might come, if I might safe-

And so I must know somehow how far I was ahead.

There was no use running faster than was necessary. I did not know how far the next best man was behind. for we were running on turf and there was no sound; and the only way of judging was, when one was near enough we could hear the heavy breathing induced by the tremendous exertions the runners were making. I knew there was no one very near me for I should have heard them breathe, and so the temptation came to look behind and see.

It may not be known to all our readers that for a man to be running on the top of his speed that any motion that disturbs the nice equilibrium of the body is invariably fatal to his chances of running, and especially disturbing is the motion and position neccessary for the turning of the head; the head is the rudder, or like the front wheel of a velocipede, which if sudden-

ly turned over you go.

I was now about lifty yards from the winning-post, and nearly exhausted. But had I kept on, looking straight ahead. I should have won easily: but, I turned round, and found to my surprise the nearest man to me was fully venty yards away.

But the fatal moment was on me, the turning of the head caused me to sway and reel and stagger like a drunken man. I went down heavily to sod, utterly exhausted only three feet from the winning-bost, and my opponent rushed upon me a winner before I could gather myself for a start; and that is how I ost a race.

If you're doing anything worth doing teep at it, put on all speed and don't look back. No matter what the inducements or temptations, don't lock back. Let the multitude thunder and all

ompetitors be distanced, but dont look back to see what is the matter. Keep on, straight on. Look ahead, straight ahead. Strain every nerve, put on all steam, and win. A single misstep within a pard of the goal may se the whole enterprise for you.

Anything that has been done that has made the world gleam or ring has been done because the right man didn't look back, but carried the noble or mas terly effort right up to the home mark. with a dash and a nerve and a will

When the race is won and the thing is done, then you'll have plenty of time to look back But first do it, or you may lose the

A Millionaire Newsboy.

Denver Tribune. "Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco and Kansas City morning pa

This cry has been heard on the streets of Denver for years. It is uttered by a square-built, smooth-faced, matter-offact looking man, whose voice has struck a certain pitch which has in-creased in force with long practice. His name is Mykins, and he is with-

out a doubt the richest newsboy in the United States. Mykins has discovered no gold mines; he is no bonanza king. He has made his money by selling papers at 10 cents apiece and blacking boots at 10 cents a shine. He invested his The meditative Pythagoras is said to moncy in property in Denver and loaned it out on good security, and he is worth to-day from\$40,000 to \$50,000. A queer fellow is Mykins. Night and day he hawks his papers on the street. He knows just where a paper can be sold. He is at the depot at the right hours; he knows just when to go to the hotels, and he can spot a stranger on the street, and sell him a paper while one is wonlering what place he came from.

"Boston, New York, Philadelphia Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco and Kansas City morning papers." There the cry is heard where many people are gathered together and there many dimes are raked in.

A Tribune repor er first heard that shrill, peculiar voice at the depot, and again and agair in every part of the city, and thought nothing of it. One

"How does he make it?" "He came here a few years ago and commenced selling Eastern papers and blacking boots. He averaged \$10 profit per day at the former business and no inconsiderable amount from the latter. He invested his money, and now owns several fine residences on Lawrence and Fourteenth sireets, two or three of those Grant houses on Welton street, some fine property on California street, and, besides, has any amount of money loaned out on interest. He is a rustler and will black your

boots for a dime-at least he would a few months ago. The speaker led the way to the news boy's stand. An old coal-box near the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer streets. nobly conquered, giving evidence that with a boot-blacking chair and appar-when they shall turn their prowess to this field they will make their mark, as of business of a man who was worth with a boot-blacking chair and appar enough to make him comfortable for a

> "Where's Mykins?" was asked "He's out somewheres sellin' papers, said a long, gaunt, but bright boy, who was evidently superintendent of the

boothlacking outfit. "Will he be back after a while?" Yes, he s always sellin' in the even

"Does he make much money at it?"
"Yes, you bet; he's rich, 'Mike' is,' volunteered an urchin, evidently a rival, who stood near by with his bootblacking kit under one arm and his pa-

'How much is he worth?" 'I' spect he's worth a heap of mon How many papers does he sell

"From 200 to 300," answered the first boy.
"Yes and most of the time they're three days old," was the rejoinder

from boy No. 2. How much do you make on this bootblacking stand every day?"
"I guese about \$3."

"Schultz made \$7 80 last Sunday," said the second boy. "Well, that wan't no average," said We make more on Sunday than

"How does Mykins run it-does "Yes, he owns it. The chair is his'n

the conversation was evidently at an

Why don't you interview Mykins?" suggested the reporter's first friend, as the refrain of "Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco morning papers'

vas wafted around the corner But this was easier said than done Mykins is evidently a man of sterling misiness principles. One dime realized from the sale of one paper is evidently more to him than an hour's conversa tion with the most interesting gentleman in the world.

He did not desire to tell anything about his business.

Yes, he sold a good many paper Sometimes he had a boy to help him. He had been here several years -yes. 'How many Philadelphia Times have

It was the boy, Mykins was asking him about his stock in trade. He told him to run across the street and sell the old man with a white choker a Boston Herald. He had recognized the old man as a "Bean Eater.

Mykins was right. The boy sold the old man a Herald four days old. The reporter wanted to ask some more questions, but the only answer

"Boston, New York, Philadelphia. Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, Kansas City morning papers," as Mykins disappeared in

neighboring hotel.

Most of these papers are shipped through to Mykins direct. They cost him from 2 to 4 cents. He sells them for 10 cents a number. He prefers to peddle them on the street, and doubtless has found that the most profitable manner of conducting his business. He knows that vaine of his trade, and that small businesses are often more profitable than large ones.

By careful attention he has worked up a line of customers, to whom he deivers papers at 50 cents per week. Mykins is unmarried. He looks like he hard-headed business man that he is. His face is bronzed by exposure to the sun and rain. His features are sharp. His voice is as hard and piercing as years

make it. "Some day," continued the first peaker who started the train of thought bout Mykins, "I should think he would want to retire from the bootblacking and news business and live on his

Perhaps he may.

The Largest, Highest and Createst Things-The largest inland sea is the Caspian. lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 180,-000 square miles. Great Salt Lake, in Utah, which may be properly termed an inland sea, is about 90 miles long, and has a varying breath of from 20 to 25 miles. Its surface is 4,200 feet above

the sea, whereas the surface of the Caspian is 84 feet below the ocean level. The largest empire in the world is hat of great Britain, comprising 8,-57,658 square miles, more than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, containing 3,580,242 square miles, including Alaska; in population it ranks forth with its 50,000,000 people. Russia ranks second, having 8,-

352,940 square miles. The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak, in Egypt. Karnak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Luxor, of the glebe house. The Misses Comand occupies a part of the site of an ancient Thebes. The obelisk is ascribed to Hatasu, sister of Pharoah Thothmes III, who reigned about 1600 B. C. Its whole length is 122 feet, its weight 400 tons. Its beight without pedestal is 108 feet 10 inches. The neight of the obelisk in Central Park, without pedestal, is 68 feet 11 inches; its weight about 168 tons.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet and its height more than twenty-one feet. In its stoutest part it is twenty-three iaches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung and was probably east on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been occasioned by having been thrown upon it when heated by the building erected over it being on fire.

The greatest wall in the world is the Chinese wall, built by the first Emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against Tartars. traverses the northern boundary China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles including a parapet of five feet. The thickness at the base, twenty-five feet, and at the top lifteen. Towers or bas-

Among the most remarkable natural choes are that of the Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that on the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that in the castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is caused by the existence of two par-allel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty

The most remarkable whirlpool is the maeistrom off the northwest coast of Norway and southwest of Moskenæsol the most southerly of the Lofoden Isles. It was once supposed to be unfathoma-ble, but the depth has been shown not to exceed twenty fathoms. The whirl-pool is navigable under ordinary circumstances; but when the wind is northwest it often attains great fury and becomes extremely dangerous. Under strong gales the maelstrom has been shown by official statistics to run

The largest library is the Bibliothique National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300 000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, con-tained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000. building which contains these treas-ures is situated on the Rue Richelieu. Its length is 540 feet, its breadth 130 feet. The largest library in New York, in respect of separate works, is the Astor. About 190,000 volumes are on its

If birds of a feather flock together, why is it that the first doctor who reaches a man who has fallen on the Miss Anna Parnell.

No doubt the readers of the "Spectawill take pleasure in reading some-

thing about the life of Miss Anna Parnell, sister of tee great Irish agitator, and a woman of great earnestness and determination. The London "Truth" says she was the most solitary member of a dance-loving and charming sisterhood. When Mrs. Parnell, nee Stewart, of Washington, and her other daughters were enjoying themselves in Paris, explains the subject of this sketch stayed at people. home with her father. He was an easy-going person. Anna liked to keep house for him in his quiet old place at Avondale, Ireland. She felt that he was neglected, and clung to him with generous devotion. Avondale manor was a solidly constructed house with small windows. It was built when there was a heavy tax on glass, and Wicklow and Wexford were disturbed counties. The facade was painted a dull bluff, which, in rainy weather, took the color of rotton-stone. site, on the edge of the deep vale in which the Avon rushed on to meet the Avoca, was romantic. But, unless in the freshness of morning, its beauties tended to depress rather than exhilarate. Trees of great antiquity hemmed in the house. The lawn had some fine perspectives, one of which commanded a view of Castle Howard. In snowy weather Miss Parnell used to wear out-of-door skirts of Bloomer shortness, and Wellington boots. She was a girl of a nervous, resolute disposition-wayward, a little snappish, and absolute mistress of the house; but she was liked by humble neighbors, with whom, in their trials, she often commiserated. Her mother and sisters were frequent absentees, and her brothers were away at school. The late Mr Parnell read and thought a good deal, administered justice as a magistrate in a fair and benignant way, and saw hardy any company, because Mrs. Parnell was very hospitable in the Champs Ely-Had he been a person of active habits, Miss Anna's destiny would have taken another snape. From infancy she had been troubled with a good deal of continued exertion in one strain can of febrile energy, which she took from the American side of the house. Unhappily for her, no outlet by which she could work it off was afforded to her. The rector of the parish and his wife were well-intentioned persons, but purse-proud, narrow-minded Philis-Miss Anna thought them humbugs. They were unable to perceive that she had some fine qualities, and ascribed her marked individuality to bad American form. On the whole she appeared to them an undesirable young lady for their son to fall in love with, and they were afraid two pretty daughters of the wax-doll type would not be improved by associating with her. They might as well have feared the example of mountain goat upon sheep raised in a grassy park. As the curate's wife was in the unfortunate position of the Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe, she did not venture to strike up a friendship with a girl who was counted eccentric, self-willed, and ungenteel at the rectory. Miss Anna had intimate friendship to soften a nature in which there was a good deal of steel,

heated too often by a brooding fancy. The persons of her age and sex in the neighborhood who inspired her with most sympathy were not on her social plane. They were the daughters of one commerford, a rich miller and free holder, whose picturesque grounds were merford were Roman Catholics, which, in Ireland, more than twenty years ago was a barrier to antimate ance with Protestant families. They were open-hearted and winsome girls, who hunted daringly on clever horses and had all the accomplishments which are to be acquired in a first-class conventual school in Dublin. But they had bounded minds which were unable

to take in Carlyle, or soar to transcendantal heights with Emerson.
"The Bride of Abydos" was not too oldashioned to excite their enthusiasm. Anna P. could not endure the meek heroine of that poem, after whom so many French dogs are called. She was reader, even then, of New York and Boston journals, and had dipped into the lectures of American oratoresses who stood on the Equal Rights' form. The mental inferiority to which women were condemned by ecclesiasti-cal authority was accepted as a matter of course by the miller's pleasant daughters; but it galled Miss Anna. and chilled her sympathy for them. If

they had revolted against St. Paul sh would have been their close friend, in spite of the cast prejudices that stood between her and them. Miss Parnell has the prompt intellect of a New Englander. Her ideas rapidly generate actions; but if her head is hard, it is not cool. Excitable nerves dominate her. She has "the courage of her opinions." "You surely don't think they would dare to shoot him?" said an English tourist, who had got by accident into a conversation with her about a fearless and also a ruthless agent. I'm afraid not," was the terrible reply. "In these parts, anger evaporates in threats." Her zeal in accomplishing her self-appointed mission eats her up. There have been occasions on which she had reason to congratulate herself on herslenderness However ti ed a horse may be, he is always strong enough to carry Miss Parnell. In the reign of Forster, she hid from constables who were supposed to be in pursuit of her, by merely stand-ing behind a poplar tree. On one oc-casion she went to witness two evictions, and to harangue the martyrs of landlordism and their friends. cottages from which the tenants were to be ejected faced each other, but vere on opposite sides of a large river. A bridge was at some distance below them. After the first part of the subsheriff's task was got through, structed the policemen not to let Miss Annie Parnell, or any of her following, over the bridge. This done he pro-ceeded to cross it himself. He was ap-

prehensive that she might call upor he victims, and those who came sympathize with them, to oblige him to beat a hasty retreat. But the excited lady was not to be balked. She, for a moment, looked keenly at the strong flowing river. No boat was visible. A notion flashed across her visible. A notion flashed across her brain. "Is there anyone here," she demanded, "who has ever waded in rainy weather like this to the other side?" A tall fellow, in knee-breeches and patched-up coat, stepped forward to answer in the affirmative. "How deep is it in the shallowest place?"
sked Miss Anna. "Up to my armpits." "Do you know how to swim?"
"I do your ladyship." "So that if you
lose your balance and fall, you can still keep your head above water?"
"That I can." "Well, put me sitting
on your shoulder, and wade over with
me." The man was only too proud to
obey. He gallantly descended into the

river, assuring Miss Parnell that she weighed no heavier than a feather. She was at the second cottage before the sub-sheriff reached it. During her manifestly dangerous passage through the river, nobody thought of the evic-tions. Her skirts were drenched, for the water was up, in some parts, to the man's chin. It seemed miraculous that both were not swept away. She was greeted on landing with cries of "Long life to your ladyship! This action, much more than her orations, explains her influence with the common

Plantation Life.

New Orleans Picayune.

On the plantation each negro little paten of land, which is his to cul- Rock-a-by, baby! so cloudless the skies, tivate and sell the products, as long as he remains there. This gives the laborers a little interest in their work, promotes competition and zeal, and retains them on the plantation. negro nature to shift about from place to place. These laborers at Belle Grove are the genuine plantation ne-groes, having been born and reared here. They are a "happy-go-easy-take no thought-for-the-morrow" race. "Jeff" is a case. He is about ten years of age, very black and very bright. His feet reflect the sun's ray black and very and are always seen before his head His office is to feed the chickens, turkeys, dogs and cats, brush soiled linen, black boots, pick boutonnieres, run errands, and at dinner or breakfast to ske a long palm-leaf branch and slowfan away the flies.

"Mary" has just "taken legion." She says the minister "gives her prayand that saves her from "de deb-Here is a portion of her daily "Member the landlord of the praver: plantation in a most particular manner. Hold him in the palm of Thy right hand; make him such a man a he orter be; rough-shod his feet with the pepperation of divine grace; hang his tongue on the gospel hinges. now, Lor', when Thou done 'memin' him and all roun' de world, 'member poor ungrashus me, and hear my unvorthy groans.

If space would allow, we might mention other appeals equally as forcible which dropped spontaneously from the mouths of "Christses chillun." Sunday I attended their meeting. Suffice it to say that such expressions as "Ise gettin" hot." "Hold me, Brudder Washington," "Sister Davis, hold me were many and emphatic, down. and accompanied by a lively clapping of hands and frantic gestures, which increased in tone and measure as they grew "hotter." During my sojourn at Belle Grove I saw nearly every characteristic of darky life, even to one of their most fashionable "breakdowns." "Sway your lovely partner." "He her tight," "Ise used to when Ise "Promenade, take your time," dere, you gal, "Leave your a boy, "Get up dere, you gal," "Leave your lovely partners in de flo"," etc., were the words which reached us as we stood looking on. It was a nove sight, and one I shall not soon forget.

Dr. Leonard Bacon. From the Congregationalist. Dr. Bacon, on his emotional side, was ilways more or less inscrutable to me. His ethical side was absolutely, uncon cealable. It stood in the fore-front of his nature, high and broad and massive; marble-like and holy. But as re gards his heart he was confusedly in-terpreted. Some called him cold. Others said, "he looks so but he isn't. I joined the latter class. He neve gushed. He never seemed to appreciate gush. He would not cry. He would him one week-day evening in his church in the midst of a multitude who wept and shouted for two hours under one of John B. Gough's old-time rushes of popular eloquence, and the only things n the house that neither wept nor smiled were Dr. Bacon and the marble pulpit against which he backed. Long years ago I heard him of a Sunday preach a sermon in memory of his own daughter who had just died, and I, who knew her not, could not have spoken I got bitten myself." of her with such unvarying calmness as did he. I have looked into his face, when I tried to shed on him a few bedewings from my fountains of feeling towards him, and I do not know to this day whether he even heard what I said. so placid was he. What would have happened had I let out on him my whole flood I cannot tell. Nothing, I suppose excepting, perhaps, some movement o pleasantry, as when Memnon made "Merciful virgin!" ejaculated Joe. some reputed murmur under the kiss of "I ain t a-goin' to die!' and the big

And yet this man must have had heart, else how could he so overwheln the tender feeling of others as he some times did in discourse, and how cam he to be always so standing by and bearing a hand where the rights and interests of men were attacked, and how is it that such multitudes of us who have been wounded, and how is it that he was the center of such a family love as makes earth Heavenlike, and finally, how is it that torpid persons like my-self are so thawed and ridiculous when his name is mentioned, and so lone some forever now that he has gone?

Paddling their own Canoe.

Nebraska, but even her girls are coming to the front and are worthy of the away all summer? Do you leave them admiration of the world as examples of admiration of the world as examples of wonderful energy and perseverance. Two young ladies, Annie and Lizzie Klunk, aged twenty and seventeen re-spectively, have during the present season done all the work on their farm, which is located about three miles west of Oxford. Being thrown upon their own resources and compelled to look out for themselves, they took up a claim and have supported themselves and mother from the products of their labor in the field. This summer they have plowed and put in about forty acres of corn, doing all the work them-selves. Besides this they have some small grain. They do all their own marketing and, in fact, all the various kinds of work that pertains to a farm. Their farm is kept up in the best of shape and in that respect would compare very favorably with the faims adjoining theirs. On many accounts women are not fitted for field work, but

"I declare," exclaimed Fogg at the dinner table, "this is the most affectionate pie I ever saw." "Affectionate pie!" cried everyone at the the table, including the landlady. "Yes, "said Fogg, "the upper and lower crusts are so affectionate that they couldn's get anything between them." anything between them.

how refreshing it is to see these girls making their own way in

world, after contemplating the painted

doll babies who are so often found

leading a vapid existence in the draw-ing room while their mothers do all the

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ROCK-A-BY, BABY.

"Rock-a-by, baby, in the tree-top When the wind blows, the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall Dewn tumbles baby and cradle and all."

Rock a-by, baby! the meadow's in bloom, Laugh at the supbeams that dance in the roo Echo the words with your baby tune. Coo at the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-by, baby! as softly it swings, Over the cradle the mother love sings; Brooding or cooing at even or dawn, What will it do when the mother is gone!

Blue as the depths of your own laughing eye Sweet is the lullaby over your nest, That tenderly sings little baby to rest. Rock-a-by, baby! the blue eyes will dream

Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam Never again will the world seem so fair, Sleep, little baby, there are clouds in the air. Rock-a-by, baby! the blue eyes will burn And sche with that that your manhood will

learn: Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care. With burdens the wee, dimpled shoulders must

bear. Rock-a-by, baby! there's coming a day Whose sorrows a mother's lip can't kiss away, Days when its song shall be changed to a moan Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-by, baby! the meadow's in bloom, May never the frost pall the beauty in bloom, Be thy world over bright, as to-day it is seen, Rock-a-by, baby! "thy cradle is green."

Joe's Snake Hite.

A wealthy Missouri settler had a hirman named Joe, a big, burly fellow, who was large enough to be brave but who had the heart of a chicken He was so easily scared that he never stopped to look at what startled him, but turned and ran like a frightened deer. One day he went out on the elift, a short distance from the house with a hunter named Bradish, who was an old friend of the families, to pick raspberries. While thus engaged his companion heard a doleful howl, and saw Joe tumble down in the grass.
"Oh me! Oh! I'm bit! Oh, murder!

murder." "What's the matter?" shouted Bradish.

"Oh, I'm snake-bitten; I'm a dead man!" wailed Joe. "Let me see," said Bradish, hurry ing to the spot and stooping to examine the man's leg. Pulling away his hands and stripping the stocking down, a small bleeding puncture over the

ankle-bone was seen. "What kind of a snake was it?" "A rattlesnake—ohl"

'Did you see it?'

"I heard it rattle. Oh, my goodness! m going fast. I'm turning blind!" "Con't you see to get home where you can get, some whisky?" inquired Bradish, with a twitch of mischief round his mouth.

Joe was on his feet in a second and started off on a run. "Put some hartshorn on the bite!" shouted Bradish after him, and turn-

ing back to the raspberry bushes he began carefully to search after the When he satisfied himself he walked back to the house. Joe was on the floor groaning and praying, and his master's wife was in a great worry about him. She had attended to his wants as far as whisky and hartshorn

insisted that he should die. "Where is the pain?" inquired Bad-"Oh, its all over me! In my legs, arms, heart, stomach, mouth and

bandaged as big as his body,

nose and eyes. On, I m in tortures! I can,t see!" "Terrible!" said Bradish, with difficulty stendying his voice and features. "After you had gone I went to the spot where you said the snake bit you, and

kill the snake? groaned Joe; "did you "No," said Bradish. "I thought l wouldn't. But I found out what kind of a snake it was. I saw it's bill—and got a taste of it too. It was a pretty hard one.

"Bill?" "Yes 'bill.' Your rattlesnake was

an old sitting hen. oward leaped to his feet and tore the bandages from his leg. By this time the whole household had run into the room to see what was the matter, and seeing Joe dancing a jig all over the floor, they thought he was crazy and kept near the door. In a few moments, however, Bradish explained the cause of the uproar and Joe's frantic dance ing, and they fairly laughed the fellow

out of doors. The Home for Cats

unday Times. I wonder if the little boys and girls who read every week the stories in this column would like to learn how some kind people in the city of Philadelphia are taking care of and providing a home for cats and dogs. I have no

Republican valley is out-doing her-self, and is regaining all that she has lost in the past. Not only are her craps the finest that have ever been raised in when their masters and mistresses go

> Now I will tell you where I send my . She is a beautiful Maltese cat and as such pretty, loving ways. Some ears age a society, called "The So-ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," was formed in Pennsylvania, and in time the society set apart a couse which was called the "Home for eats." The society got a mau and his wife to take charge of the home, and as they loved animals they liked the work. as glad to take puss there, where she build meet all her relations and be hapy. So one afternoon, with puss in arms, I started off for this house down town. On Lombard street, below Thirteenth, I found it, and, ringing the bell, was soon admitted and ushered into a nice-looking room. As soon as the wence-looking room. As soon as the bees, the old man loses his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses, his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses, his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses his equilibritation to with the bees, the old man loses his equilibritation to with the bees, th were about twenty of the dearest kit-tens and pussies, all looking well and happy. I wish you could have seen how contented and comfortable they all appeared. So I gave Miss Psyche to the woman, and she took her into the grass plat and introduced her to each of the Mr. and Miss Pussies

up isto an inclosed porch I asked what it was for. "Oh," Mrs. Biddle said, "that goes to the pussies' sitting room and bath room, where they go if it rains or if it gets too hot. There are shelves also all around the room for them to lie on." Doesn't it sound funny for a cat to have a bath room when they hate water so much but I suppose they just use it for a private dressing room, as

they look so clean and shiny. After seeing all these good things that Miss Psyche would have, I was satisfied that she would be happy without me for three months. Before leaving I asked Mrs. Biddle what her wards had to eat. She said that each cat had a quart of milk a day, together with meat once a day, each cat eating from her own saucer.

Paying my twenty-five cents a week, I was just starting homeward when I was attracted by a similar grass plat at the end of the yard. Asking what it was for, I was told it was for the poor, maimed and sick cats and dogs picked up in the street or those sent there to be chloroformed. You know to chlo-roform them is the easiest death for them, and puts them out of pain very soon. Looking up I saw nearly one hundred large and small cats and dogs, and could not help pitying them in their pain and trouble, which, however, would soon be ended. So you see how kind these ladies have been in providng a home and boarding house for eats, and also a place where runaway cats and dogs can be sent to be quietly

put out of misery.

I hope all the little ones who read this true account will remember it for the sake of their own cats. I hope they will remember it also if they see bad boys tormenting either a sick or lost cat or dog, and that they will take the poor animal to this good home, where every care will be taken to find its owner, or else it will be put where no bad boys can tease it.

Away From Home.

Whenever the Big Man of a country town decides to visit the city, he is a trifle skittish about it for fear his native town will tip up when his weight is re-moved, and spill out the inhabitants. However, he is selfish enough not to have the least particle of sympathy for the big city he is about to honor with a visit, nor for the poor victims whom his august presence is expected to par-alyze, agitate and painfully confuse. Clothed in the accumulated dignity of years of existence as the big bull-toad in a small village puddle, and an old style stove-pipe hat, he enters a city with the majestic tread of a county superintendent of public instruction, and s not off the train ten minutes before his new suit of clothes is artistically frescoed by the mud from a passing milk wagon, and some unregenerate newsboy in a moment of abstraction spits on the great man's boots, making it necessary to send them to the Chi-

nese laundry. He is jostled, thumped and pounded from one end of the street to the other. Policemen recognize him; grand and bejeweled hotel clerks size him up; confidence men spot him for a "gray;" barbers draw blood on him, and harrass him with importunities to purchase hair oil, face cream and lustre, newsboys guy him, and bar-keepers pump him full of liquid crime which costs less than fifteen cents a gallon and

makes a man want to set fire to an orphan asylum. But after all the Big Man-the High Mucky-Muck-is not alone to blame for the unpleasant predicament in which he finds himself when he goes away could meet them, and his leg was from home. His own townspeon subserving, truckling, sycophantish, time serving human beings who have so long before him "crooked the pergnant hinges of the knee ' that they are bowlegged, just because he has a few thous-and dollars in loose change, and lives in a big house with plaster on the walls, and who never make any municipal move until they consult him, always elect him town trustee, and mortgage heir town lots to him, and grin like South American chimpanzees whenever he makes a sickly attempt at vulgar wit, these are the poor, deluded creatures who are to blame for the Big Medicine Man's egotism. And when he gets home from his jamboree in the city, they are on hand to meet him, and fawn around him like some Newfoundland pup and his collapsed bag of self-con-ceit will again begin to inflate, and go on swelling and swaying over the heads of the common herd until after three or four years more of quiet seclusion he makes another break and goes off to the city when it will be busted as vide open as before, and thus the Big Man of the country village will amble on through life until he is gathered to

have set up another false, yet nickle plated god. Stirring up the Bees.

his fathers and his neighboring dupes

Farmer Smith belonged to the Grange, and obeyed the injunction to lay his furrows straight and look to his fencing. Weeds were abominable in his eye, and none were allowed to go to seed on his place. It need not e said how much of this was due to Johnny Strong, a lad who lived with his uncle and swung the scythe or plied the hoe on Saturday, and during vacation. One little bunch was left near the public road on account of a bumble bee nest, and Mr. Smith promised, at the morrow's morning, to show how easy it would be to cut them with-

out disturbing the bees. "You know, Johnny, boys never can do anything quietty."

The boy resolved he would not be

outdone; early next morning he tied into a long cord all the fishing lines he could find, and going out, fastened one end to the bush under which the nest was built. When Uncle Smith goes out to show how it can be done "quietly, quiet y, you see, Johnny," the boy placed himself at the farther end of his string, and when the governor was getting near, a gentle pull raised that ominous hum that made him uneasy. weeds went to seed, but Uncle Sn.ith never knew what made the bees get so

We are told "the evening wore on," there. They were very polite, and we are told "the evening wore on," gave her a place on the nice shelves but we are never told what the evening arranged for them on the side of the wore on that occasion. Was it the